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**The Humorous
adventures of Jump
Jim Crow**

Glasgow

[18--?]

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HUMOR

HUMOUROUS ADVENTURES

OF

Jump Jim Crow.



GLASGOW

PRINTED FOR THE BOOKSELLERS.

ADVENTURES OF JIM CROW.

JIM CROW'S FIRST APPEARANCE IN THE GALLERY.

Here's de leaping Nigger,
Berry well you know
Him handsome face and figure,
Jumping Jim Crow.
Turn about and wheel about,
And do jis so ;
Walk into the gallery
And jump Jim Crow.

If you down upon your luck,
Nebber care a pin,
Noting cures de devils blue
Like a hearty grin.
Comicalities you've had,
To keep de game alive ;
Four good Numbers, and Jim Crow
Now offers No. 5.

Turn about and wheel about,
And do jis so ;
If you do not split your sides
I'm not Jim Crow !

Of soldier, lawyer, parson,
 We have seen de phizzes,
 Barber, tailor, cobbler, and
 Many real quizzes—
 Now hab got a fresh lot,
 As you soon may know,
 And one that won't be soon forgot,
 Dat's Jim Crow!

Turn about and wheel about,
 And do jis so;
 Freely put your threepence down,
 And jump Jim Crow!

Corporate Nobs in plenty,
 All great men, no doubt,
 Berry partial to Champagne,
 Love a good tuck-out!
 Of Alderman and Sheriff
 We'll treat you wid a sketch,
 And of de ugly customer
 Dey call Jack Ketch.

Wheel about and turn about,
 And do jis so;
 Neber want his sarvices
 To finish Jim Crow.

Boys you'll find in plenty,
 Nigger no tell lies,
 Laugh to see de precious lot,
 Ebery sort and size—

Boys who drive cabs patent
 Furious troo de street,
 Boy dat take out physie,
 And boy dat carry meat.

Turn about and wheel about,
 And do jis so ;
 Trow physie to de dogs, say I,
 And jump Jim Crow.

Hungry boy of charity,
 Skinny as a rat,
 Moder's pretty darling boy,
 Berry plump and fat—
 Lazy little schoolboy,
 Boy dat sings out ' pot,'
 Wid many other rum boys,
 Nigger hab forgot.

Turn about, wheel about,
 And do jis so ;
 Come and have a dish of fun,
 And jump Jim Crow.

Here you'll find how coaches
 Travell'd long ago,
 Neber no capsizing,
 Berry sure, but slow ;
 Den see how much quicker
 Modern stages run,
 Berry fast, but not so safe,
 Break de neck like fun.

Turn about and wheel about, &c.

By and by dose coaches
 Go widout a team,
 Engineer for Jarvey,
 Rattle on by steam;
 Crack goes de boiler,
 Shocking ting, you know,
 Better pad de hoof wid me,
 And jump Jim Crow.
 Turn about and wheel about,
 And do jis so;
 Berry bad when boiler crack,
 And smash Jim Crow.

JIM CROW'S PERSONAL HISTORY.

I come from ole Kentucky, a long time ago,
 When I first larnt to wheel about, and jump Jim
 Crow,
 I us'd to take him fiddle, eb'ry morn and artemnoon,
 And charm de olè buzzard, and dance to de racoon.

Veel about and turn about,
 And do jis so;
 Eb'ry time I veel about,
 I jump Jim Crow.

At hoeing of de sugar, or picking cotton, all de same,
 I us'd to beat de oder niggers, and give dem twenty
 in de game;

At last I went to seek my fortune, got up by break of
day,

Left my old shoes behind me, and off I ran away.

Veel about, &c.

I came to a river, which I couldn't get across,

So gib a couple of shillings for an old blind horse :

When I got up de oder side, I drove him up a hill,

Oh, but de oder side look'd rather daffakil.

Den I jump aboard on big ship, and cum across de
sea,

And landed on ole England, where de nigger am
free.

—Veel about, &c.

JIM CROW'S VISIT TO CHURCH.

In New York I went to a nigger meeting,

It was on a Sunday night,

To see old broder Clem,

Dat dey say can read and write.

Turn about and veel about,

And do jis so ;

Ebery time I turn about,

I jump Jim Crow.

When I got to de meeting-house,

Dey say you better go,

'Kase you come to raise de debil here,
And jump Jim Crow.

Veel about, &c.

So I crept through de window,
And sat in myself a-down,
Broder Clem gub out de text,
Den dey hand dey plate around.

Veel about, &c.

In de ninety-leventh chapter
Of de new Almanack,
Dare it tell you all about
De white man and black.

Veel about, &c.

He say dat Cain was de fuss man,
Julycome Cæsar was de toder—
Dey put Adam on de treden mill,
'Kase he kill him broder.

Veel about, &c.

And den dat Mr. Sampson
Was de man dat build de ark;
Mr. Jonas was de fisherman
Who swallow up de shark.

Veel about, &c.

De rain pour down forty days,
By de sailors' counting,

And landed Sampson and de ark
Upon de Alleghany mounting.

Veel about, &c.

JIM CROW'S DESCRIPTION OF HAMLET.

I sate up all de pennies,
And wid a sixpence toder day,
I went to Surry Teatre,
To see de Hamlet play;
Dey put me in de gallery,
In a corner by myself;
I look'd like a monkey dere,
Grinning on a shelf.

Veel about, &c.

Dey pull'd up de curtain,
And de first ting I see,
Out came Massa Hamlet
Wid his 'Be, or not to be.'
Den Hamlet grab him uncle,
And choke him by de throat,
And shake him like de debil,
De last button off him coat.

Veel about, &c.